FABLES,
and other Short Poems;
Collected
from the most Celebrated
ENGLISH AUTHORS.

The Whole *curiously* Engrav'd, *for the* Practice *and* Amuſement *of* Young *Gentlemen & Ladies, in the* ART *of* WRITING: By *Jn^o. Bickham*. To which is Added, *a curious* DRAWING-BOOK; by G. Bickham *jun^r*.

VOL. II.

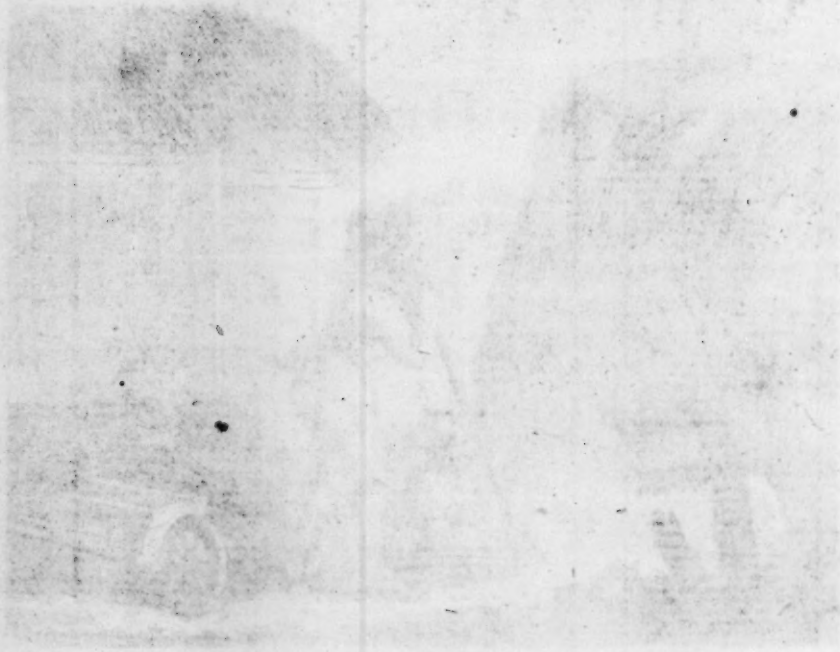
Printed and Sold by Tho^s. Cobb (who Married the Widow of Mr. Jn^o. Cluer) at the Printing Office in Bow Church Yard London. Where may be had Copy-Books, with Round-hand Copies at the Top to write after: Engrav'd by G. Bickham.

BRITISH MUSEUM

FABLE I.

The Barley-mow & the Dunghill.

As cross his yard, at early day,
A careful Farmer took his way;
The Barley-mow, which stood beside,
Began the Dunghill to deride.
The Dunghill answer'd, meek & low,
In me thy Benefactor know;
My warm assistance gave thee birth,
Or thou hadst perish'd low in earth;
But upstarts, to support their station,
Cancel at once all obligation.



BRITISH
8 DE73
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On Mr. Milton,

by Mr. Dryden.

Three Poets, in three distant Ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of Thought surpass'd,
The next in Majesty, in both the last.
The force of Nature could no farther go,
To make a Third she joyn'd the former Two.

To Mr. G. Granville

On his Verses to the KING.

An early Plant, which such a Blossom bears,
And shows a Genius so beyond his Years;
A Judgment which could make so fair a Choice,
So high a Subject to employ his Voice:
Still as it grows; how sweetly will he sing
The growing greatness of our matchless King?

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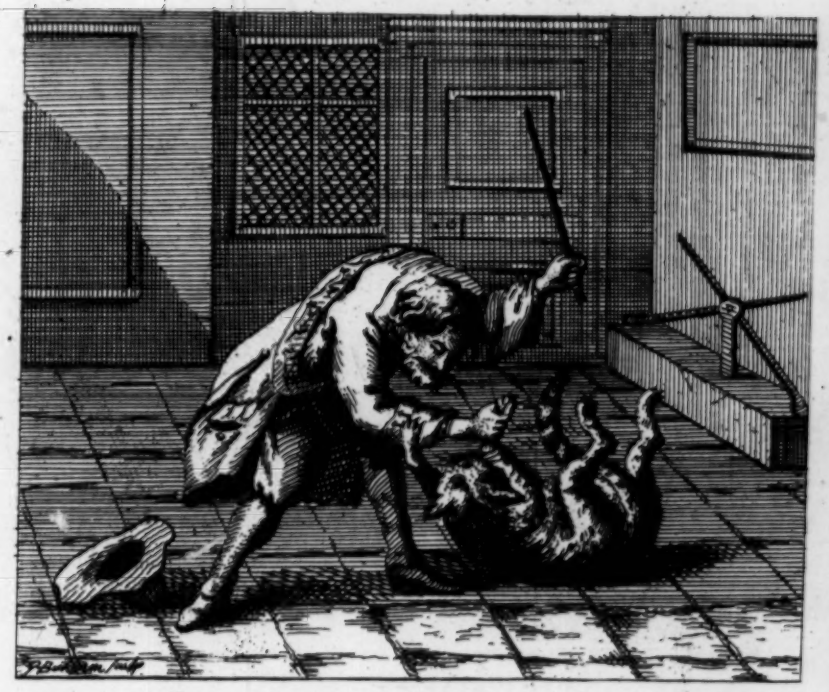
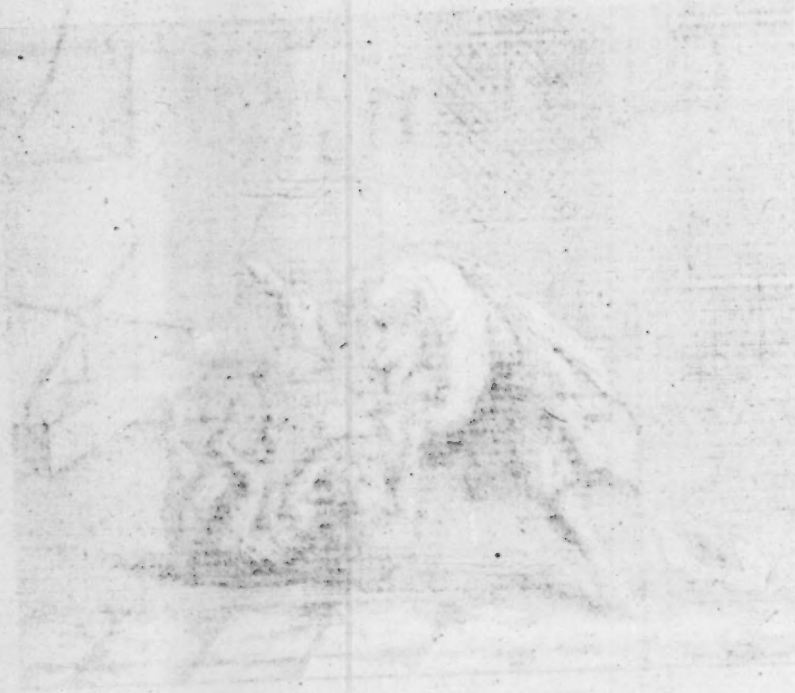
FABLE II.



The Rat-catcher & the Cat.

An Engineer, of noted Skill,
Engag'd all Rats, of theft, to kill.
An envious Cat in ambuſh waits,
And ſecretly removes his baits.
The Cat he caught, Thou ſhalt be made
A victim to our loſs of Trade.
The captive Cat ſoon promis'd fair,
And ſav'd her life by ardent pray'r.
In ev'ry age and clime we ſee,
Two of a Trade can ne'er agree.



BRITISH MUSEUM
8 DE 73

ON Succeſs.

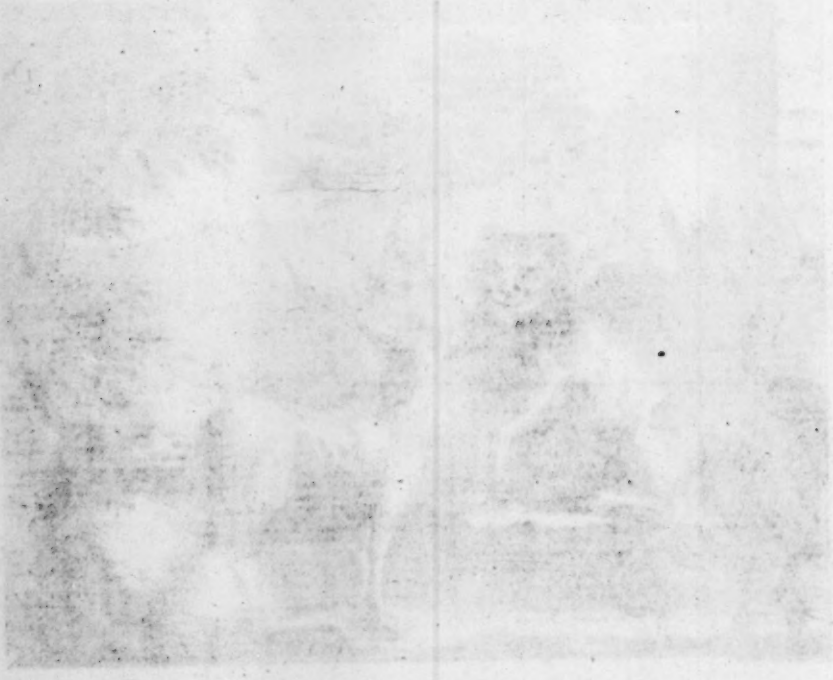
Succeſs, the Mark no mortal Wit,
Or ſureſt Hand, can always hit:
For whatsoe'er we perpetrate,
We do but row, we're ſteer'd by Fate.
Which in Succeſs oft diſinherits,
For ſpurious Cauſes, nobleſt Merits
Great Actions are not always true Sons
Of great and mighty Reſolutions:
Nor do y^e^ bold'ſt Attempts bring forth
Events, ſtill equal to their Worth.
But ſometimes fail, & in their ſtead,
Fortune and Cowardice ſucceed.

MUSEUM

FABLE III.

The Young Lyon and Asses.

A Lyon-Cub, of sordid Mind,
Avoided all the Lyon kind;
With Asses all his time he spent
Their Club's perpetual president.
He caught their manners, looks & airs:
An Ass in ev'ry thing, but ears!
Such is the Man who covets praise
From vulgar Herds, like them he brays;
Betrays his life and conversation
And spoils his credit thro' the Nation.



SMITHSONIAN
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MUSEUM

To Sylvia

By Sir George Etherege.

The Nymph that undoes me, is fair and unkind,
No less than a Wonder by Nature design'd;
She's the grief of my Heart, the joy of my Eye,
And the Cause of a Flame that never can die.

Her Mouth, from whence Wit still obligingly flow
Has the beautiful Blush, and the Smell of the Rose
Love and Destiny both attend on her Will,
She Wounds with a Look, with a Frown she can kill

The desperate Lover can hope no redress,
Where Beauty and Rigour are both in excess;
In Sylvia they meet, so unhappy am I,
Who sees her must Love, & who loves her must die.

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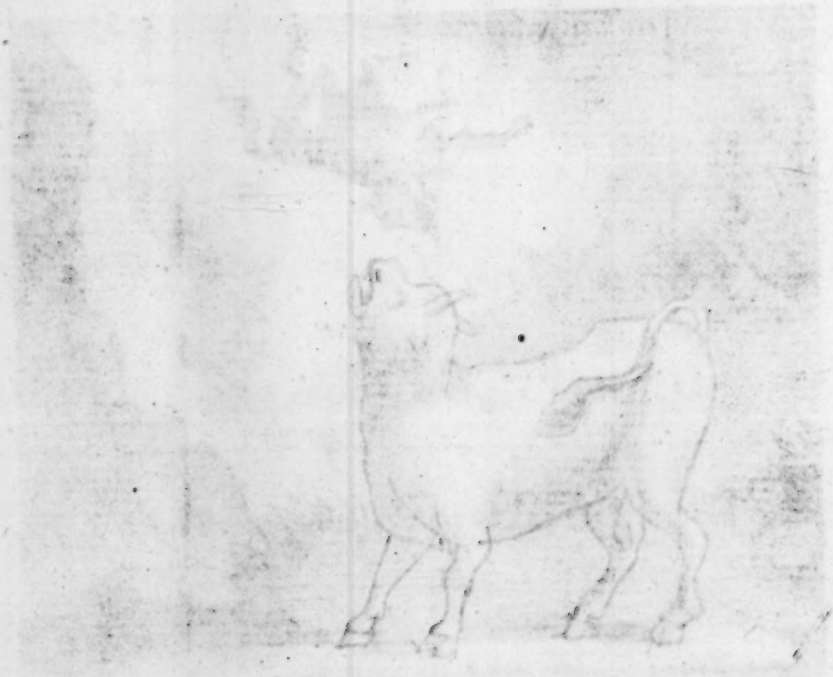
FABLE IV.

The Bull and the Dog.

A Dog for fighting much renown'd,
Attack'd a Bull in meadow ground.
I suspend the fight, the Bull advis'd,
No says the Dog; for that I'm priz'd,
Within my bosom Glory burns,—
And at the Bull with fury runs.
Take then thy fate. With goring wound
At once he lifts him from the ground,
Aloft the sprawling hero flies,—
And for his Pride and Folly dies.



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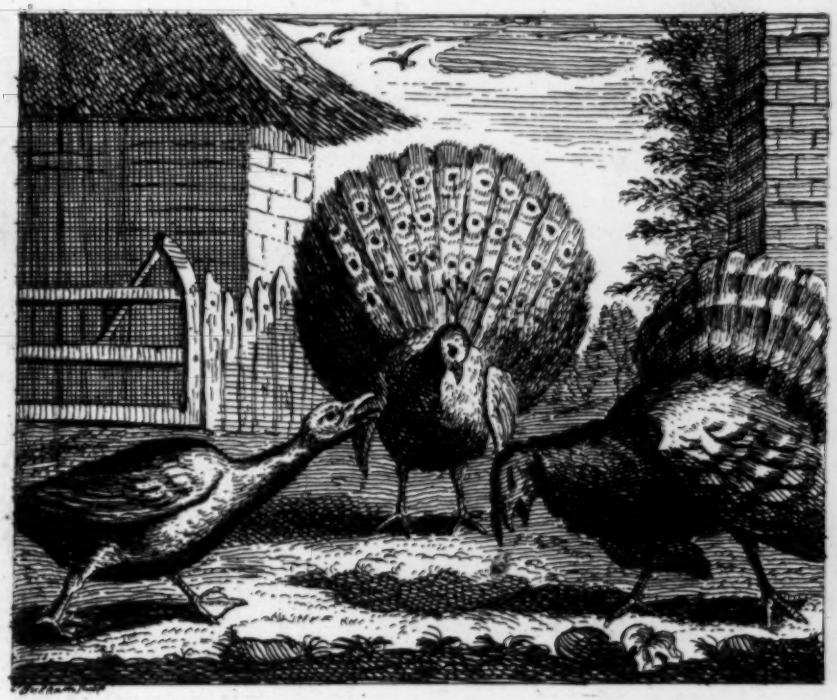
TO CHLOE:

ON *Seeing Her Picture* in a GALLERY.

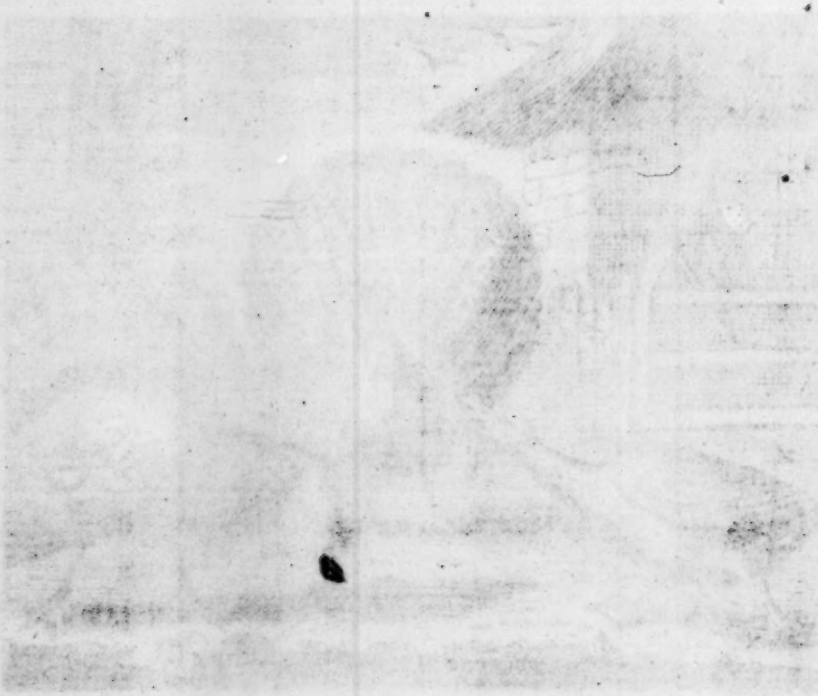
As in our lofty Hemisphere
The Stars all glorious appear;
Still there are some the rest outshine:
So here all seem of Form divine:
Yet there are Graces which I view,
More peculiarly in You.
Oh! that like Paris I was bid
The Controversy to decide:
Freely my Thoughts I would declare,
Tho' Pallas here, and Juno there.
Thou Venus still should'st be to me,
The Fairest Goddess of the Three.

FABLE V.



The PEACOCK, the TURKEY, & GOOSE.

The Peacock shewing of his Tail
Made th' hissing Goose & Turkey rail.
What legs! what claws! a squawling throat!
Ev'n Owls are frighted at the Note.
The Peacock answer'd with disdain.
What, overlook my radiant train!
But such blind Critics ever rail,
At that in which themselves do fail;
To all apparent beauties blind,
Each blemish strikes an envious mind.



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To a fair LADY, Playing with a Snake.

Strange that such Horror & such Grace
Should dwell together in one Place;
A Fury's Arm, an Angel's Face!
'Tis Innocence, and Youth which makes
In Chloris's Fancy such Mistakes,
To start at Love, and play with Snakes.
By this and by her Coldness barr'd,
Her Servants have a Task too hard,
The Tyrant has a double Guard.
Thrice happy Snake that in her Sleeve
May boldly creep, we dare not give
Our Thoughts so unconfin'd a Leave:
Contented in a Nest of Snow
He lies as he his Bliss did know,
And to the Wood no more would go.
Take heed, fair Eve, you do not make
Another Tempter of this Snake,
A Marble one, so warm'd, would speak.

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MUSEUM

FABLE VI.

The OWL and the FARMER.

The Farmer came. The hooting guest
His Self-importance thus expreſt.
Reason in man is meer pretence,
To treat with ſcorn our excellence.
Whene'er to viſit Light I deign,
What flocks of fowl compoſe my train!
The Farmer laugh'd, and thus reply'd,
Thou dull important lump of pride.
Few follow wiſdom or her rules,
Fools in deriſion follow fools.

SAN PIETRO
E 9E 75
MUSEUM

An Hue and Cry after A Stray Heart.

Noble, Generous, Great and Good,
But never to be understood;
Fickle as the Wind, still changing,
After every Female ranging;
Panting, trembling, sighing, dying,
But addicted much to lying:
When the Siren Songs repeats,
Equal Measures still it beats;
Who e'er shall wear it, it will smarther,
And who e'er takes it, takes a Tartar.

FABLE VII.

The Old Woman & her Cats.

A poor Old Woman kept a brood
Of Cats, who lank with hunger mew'd.
Teaz'd with their cries her choler grew;
And thus she Sputter'd. Hence, ye crew.
Fool that I was, to entertain
Such Imps, such fiends, a noisey train!
To hear you prate would vex a Saint,
Replies a Cat, with hunger faint;
The fault's your own, to entertain
And keep us thus, & then complain.

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The Power of LOVE.

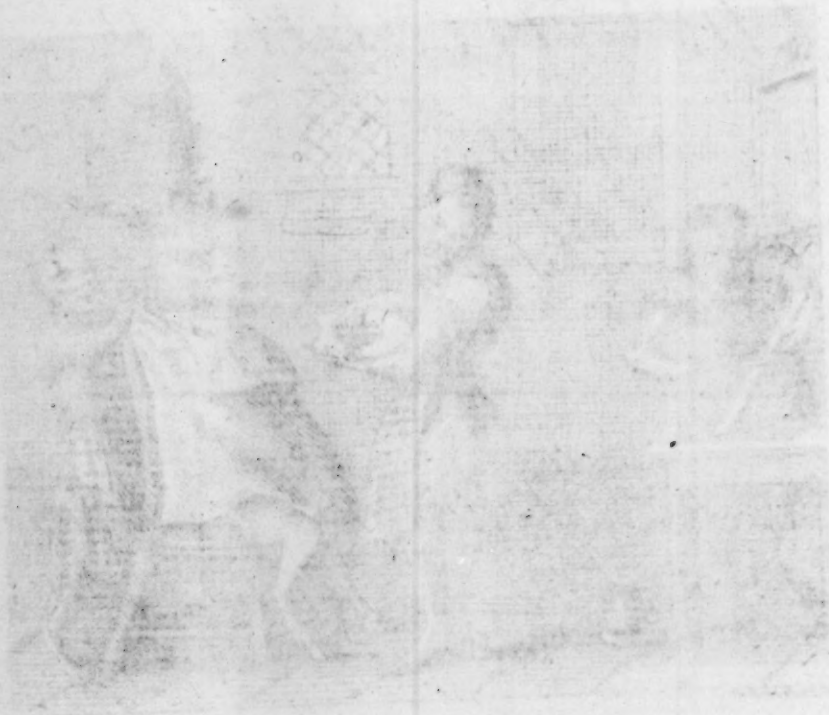
I'll sing of Heroes and of Kings,
In mighty Numbers, mighty Things,
Begin my Muse; but to the Strings
To my great Song rebellious prove;
The Strings will sound of nought but Love.
I broke them all, and put on new;
'Tis this or nothing sure will do.
These sure, said I, will me obey;
These sure Heroick Notes will play.
Straight I began with thund'ring Jove,
And all th' immortal Powers but Love.
Love smil'd, & from my enfeebled Lyre
Came gentle Ayres, such as inspire
Melting Love, and soft Desire.
Farewel then Heroes, farewel Kings,
And mighty Numbers mighty Things.
Love tunes my Heart just to my Strings.

BRITISH
MUSEUM

FABLE VIII.

The GOAT without a Beard.

A Goat resolv'd to shave his face,
Imploy'd a Monkey of the place.—
'Twas done; The shaggy people star'd.
Heighday! what's here? without a beard!
Say, Brother, whence ỹ dire disgrace?
What envious hand hath robb'd ỹr face?
How wilt thou stand the ridicule
Of our whole flock? affected fool!—
Coxcombs, distinguish'd from the rest,
To all but coxcombs are a jest.



SMITHSONIAN
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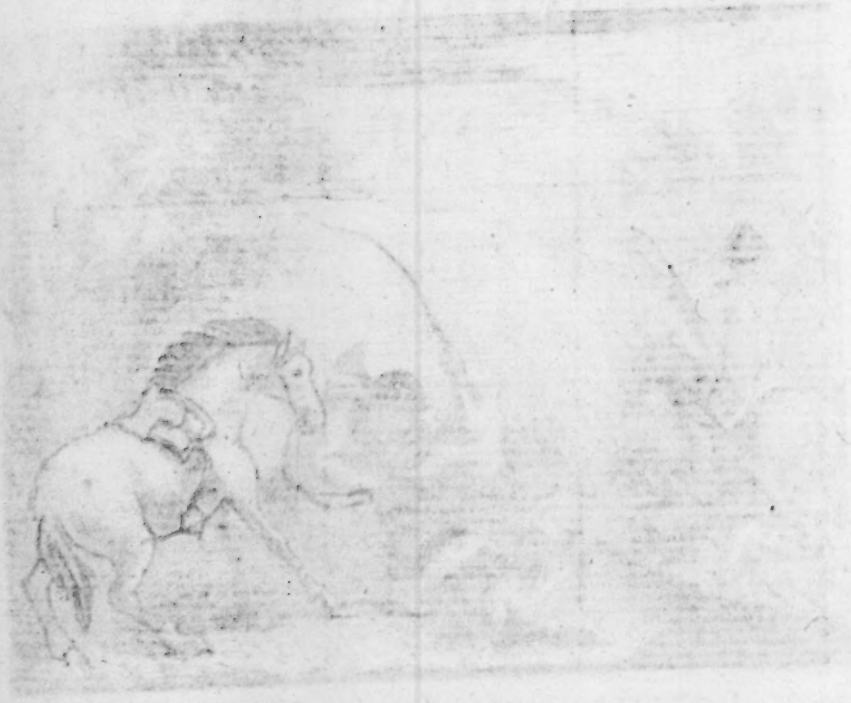
The Circulation OF The YEAR.

Now chearful Spring the Circle leads,
And strews with Flow'rs y^e^ Smiling Meads;
Gay Summer next, whom Russet Robes adorn,
And waving Fields of yellow Corn;
Then Autumn, who with lavish Stores
The Lap of Nature spreads;
Decrepit Winter, laggard in the Dance,
(Like feeble Age oppress't with Pain)
A heavy Season does maintain,
With driving Snows & Winds & Rain;
Till Spring, recruited to advance,
The various Year rowls round again.

FABLE IX.

The HOUND and ye HUNTSMAN.

A noisey Dog of little fame,
Young, pert, and ignorant of game,
At once displays his babbling throat;
For which ye Huntsman thrash'd his coat.
The Dog cries out, these bitter smarts
I owe to my superior parts.
When puppies prate, ye Huntsman cryd,
They shew both ignorance and pride;
And fools, to talking ever prone,
Are sure to make their follies known.



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THE Cunning Man Or CONJURER.

To whom all People far and near
On deep Importances repair;
When Brass and Pewter hap to Stray,
And Linnen slinks out of the way:
When Geese and Pullen are seduc'd,
And Sows of Sucking-Pigs are chous'd;
When Cattle feel Indisposition,
And need the Opinion of Physician,
When Murrain reigns in Hogs & Sheep,
And Chickens languish of the Pip.
When Yeast and outward Means do fail,
And have no power to work on Ale.
When Butter does refuse to come,
And Love proves Cross and Humoursom,
To him with Questions, and with Urine,
They for Discovery flock, or Curing.

FABLE X.

The Shepherd's DOG & the WOLF.

As Lightfoot rang'd the forest round,
By chance a Wolf's retreat he found.
Then said; how can that ravinous mind
Attack our sheep a harmless kind?—
Friend, says the Wolf, the matter weigh.
Nature design'd us beasts of prey;—
A Wolf eats Sheep but now and then,
Ten thousands are devour'd by men.
An open foe may prove a curse,—
But a pretended friend is worse.—

Printed and Sold by Thō. Cobb (who Married the Widow of Mr. Jn̄o. Cluer) at the Printing Office in Bow Church Yard London.

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PREFACE, by Way of Instruction.

As the *Art of Drawing* is not only an innocent, and useful Amusement for Young Gentlemen and Ladies; but a Qualification highly expedient, if not absolutely necessary for most Mechanicks: The Order that they will find here carefully observ'd, will be the best Directions for their proper Progress.

You must not be too eager after new Transitions from one Plate to another; but must dwell upon each, and never begin a second, till you have in some measure made your self Master of the first.

You must further, be very slow in your first Operations; Haste seldom produces any Thing Beautiful, or Correct; and ill Habits, when once contracted, are the most difficult Things in Nature to be remov'd.

You cannot look too often on your Originals; and y^e^ Length, Breadth, and Similitude of each Object before you, will require your utmost Attention & Observance: And when once you are able, to touch up a Piece nv^th^. any tolerable Beauty; Practice, in a short Time will make you Expeditious, and render your Labours Delightful.

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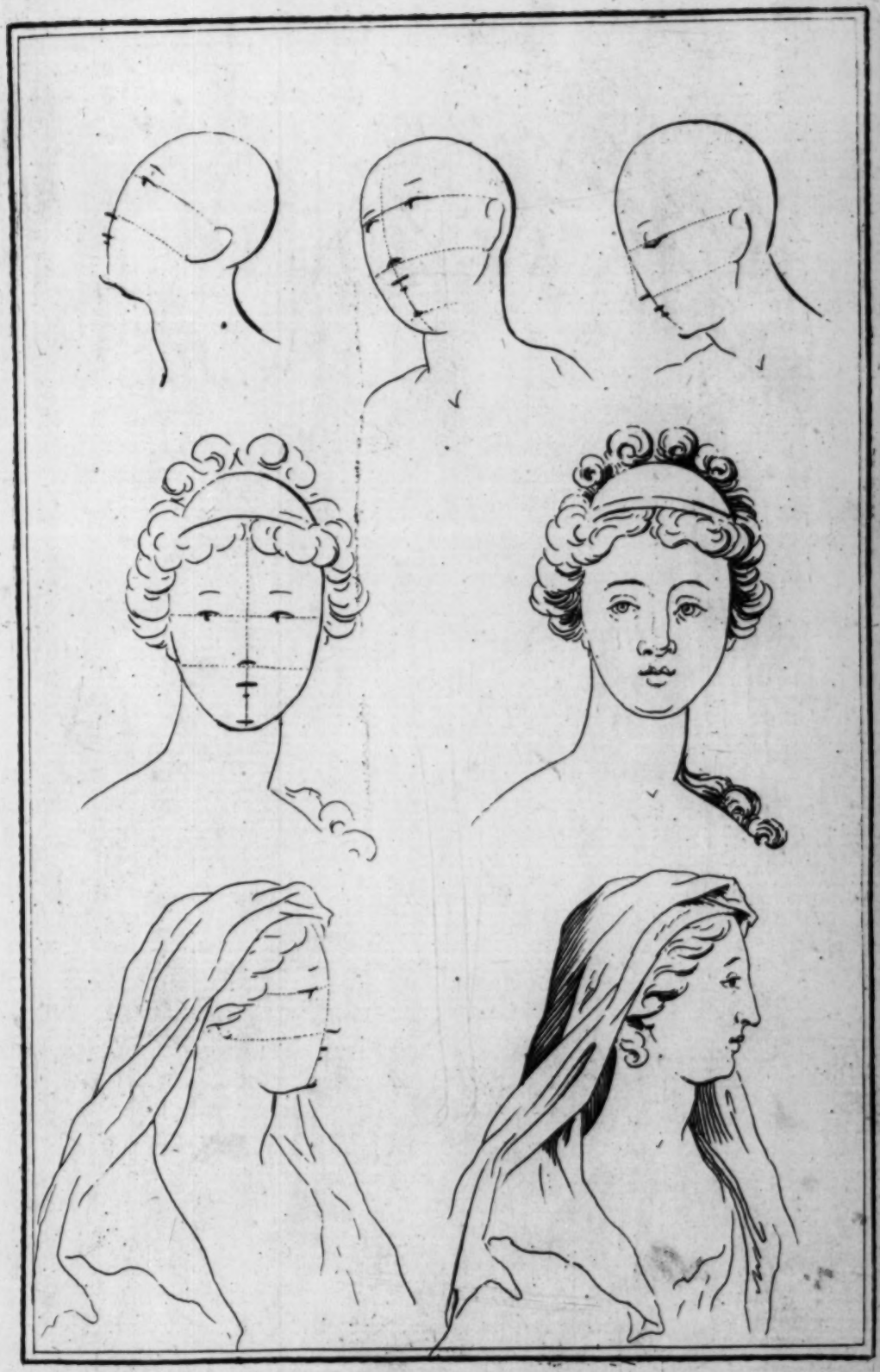

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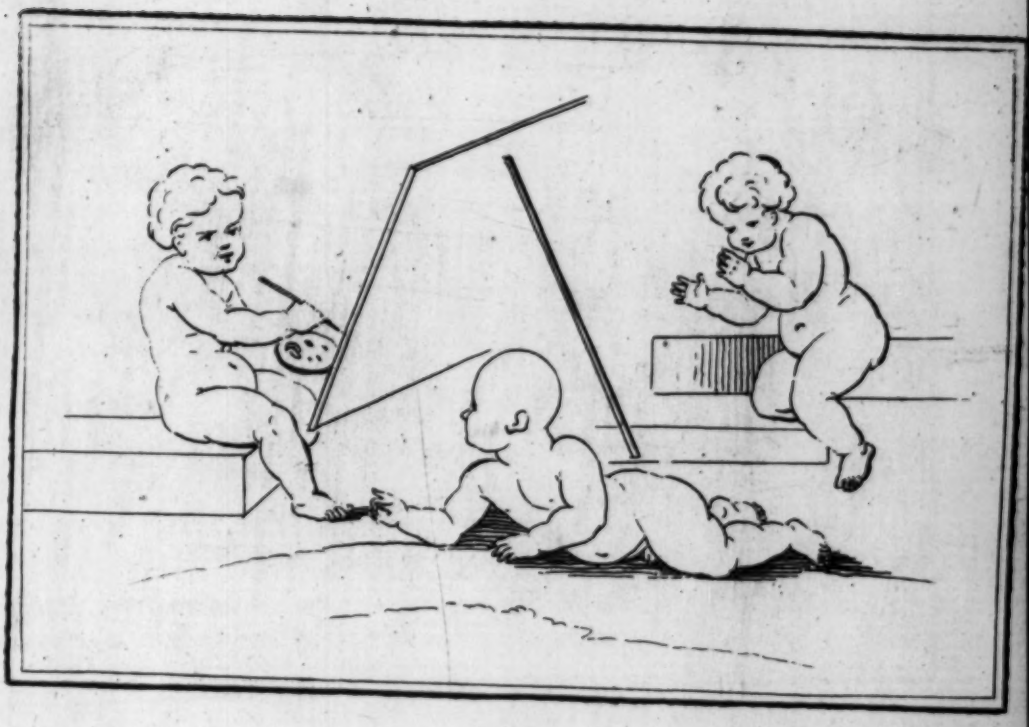

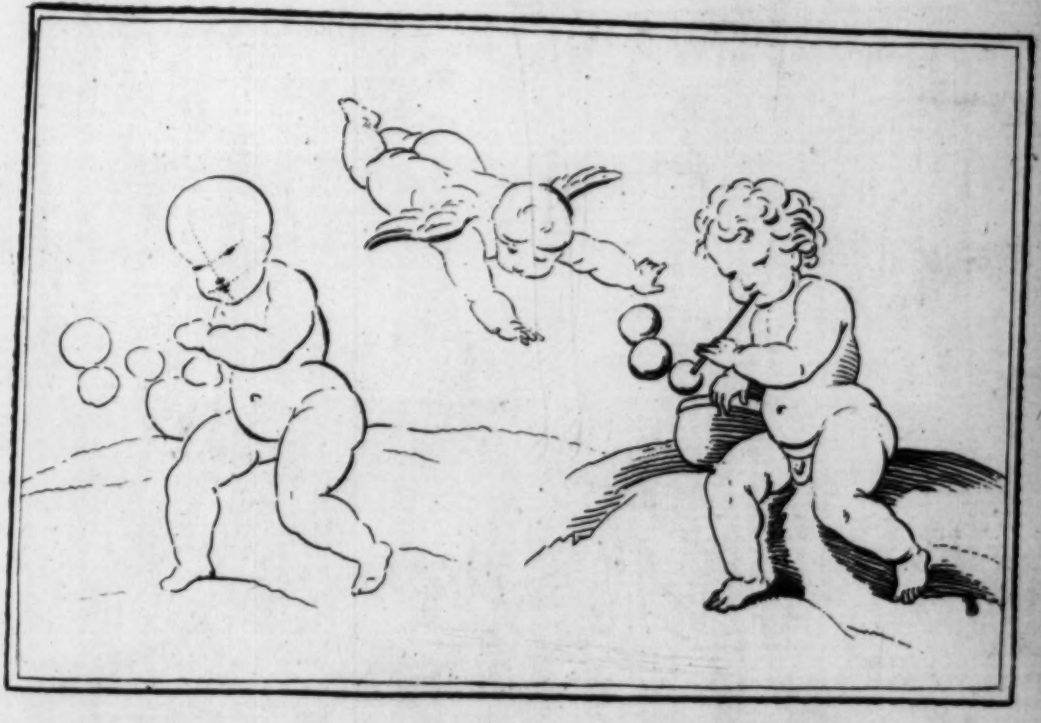

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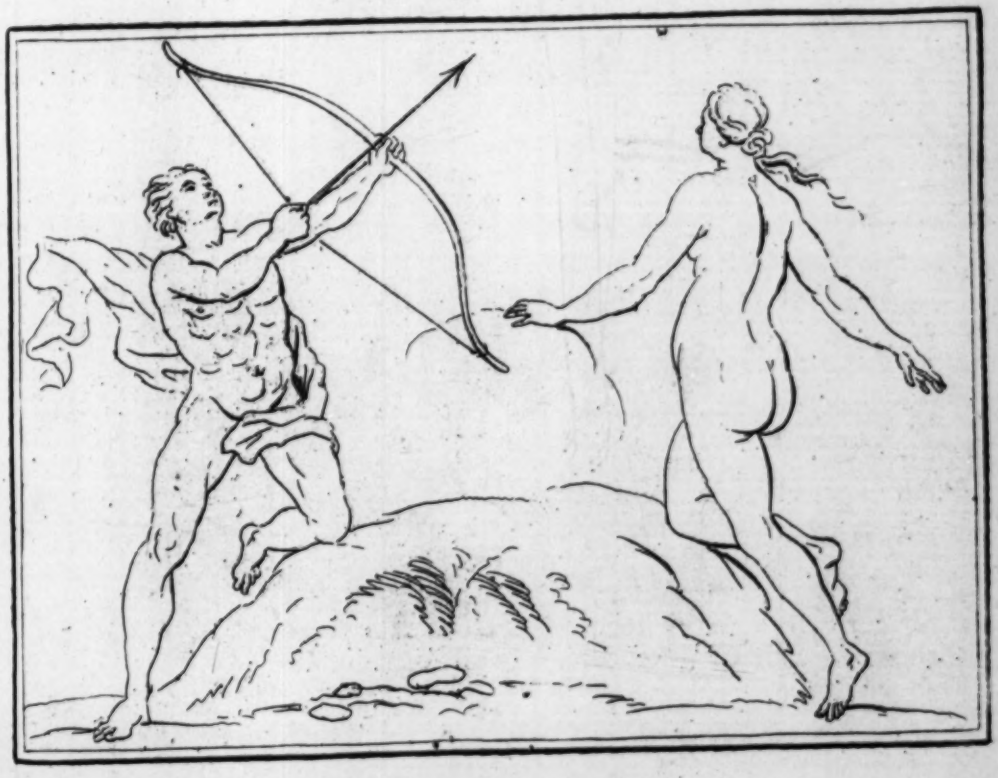

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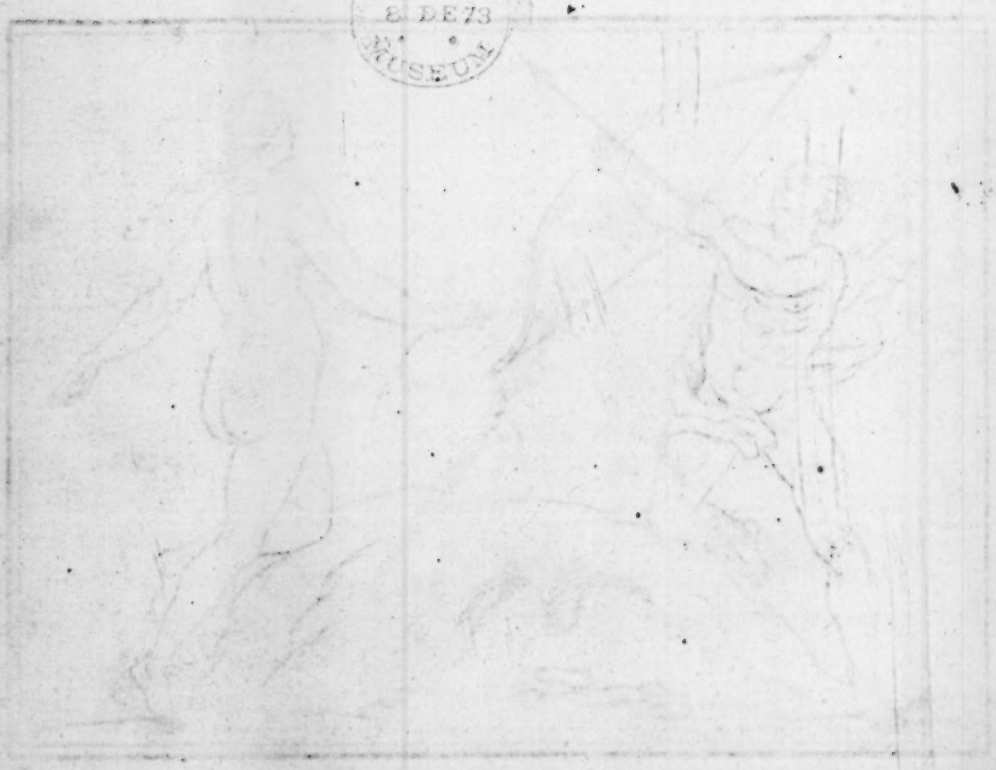

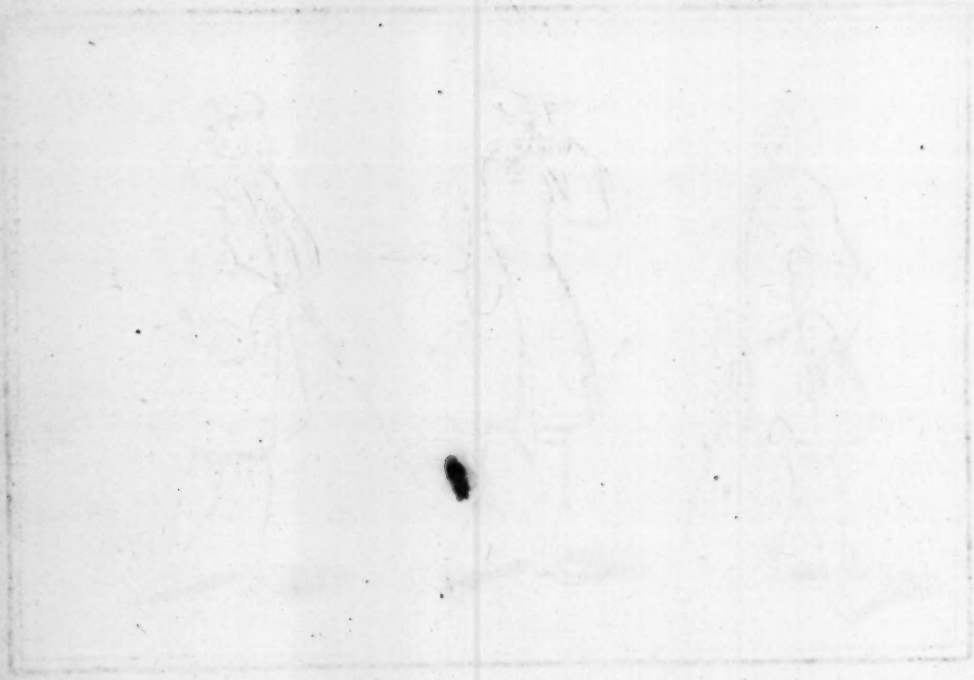

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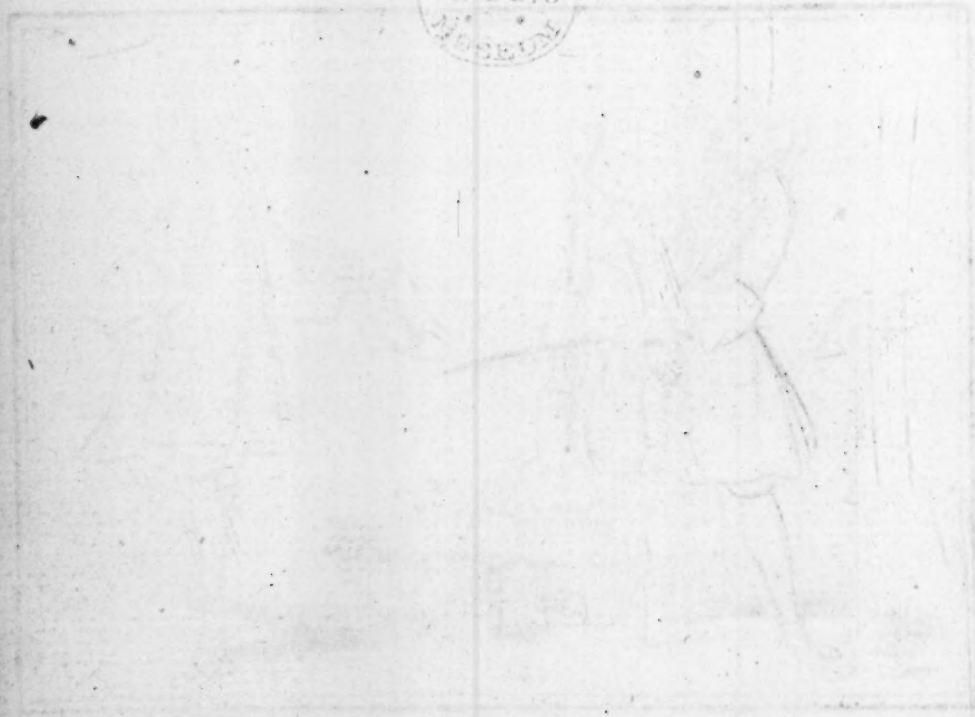

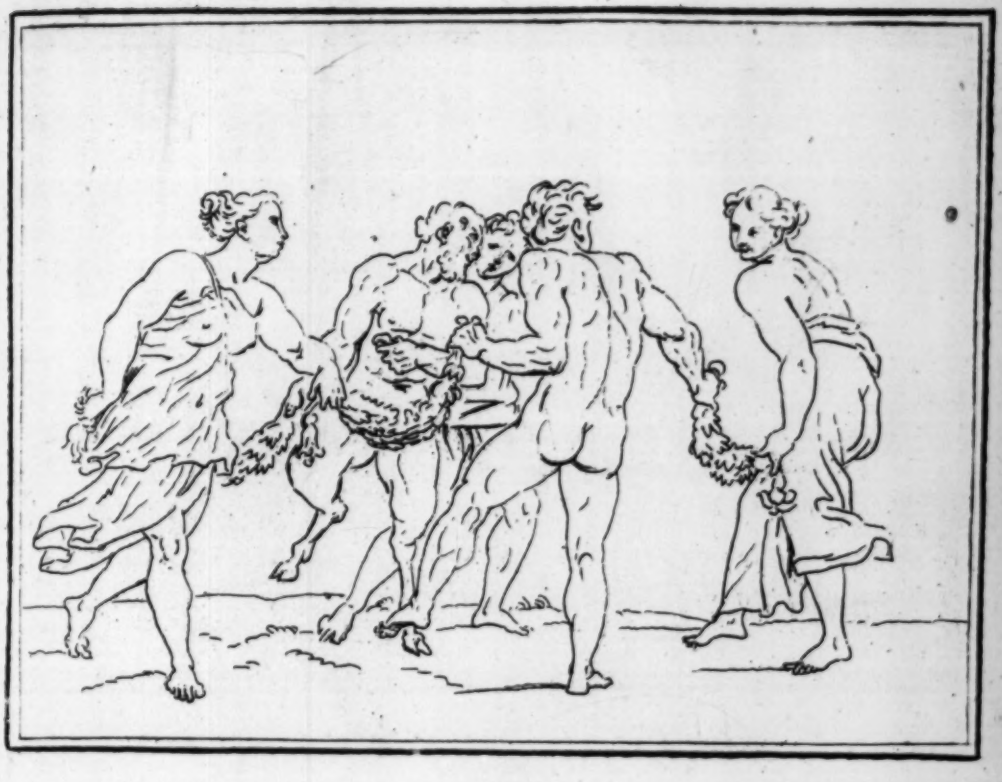

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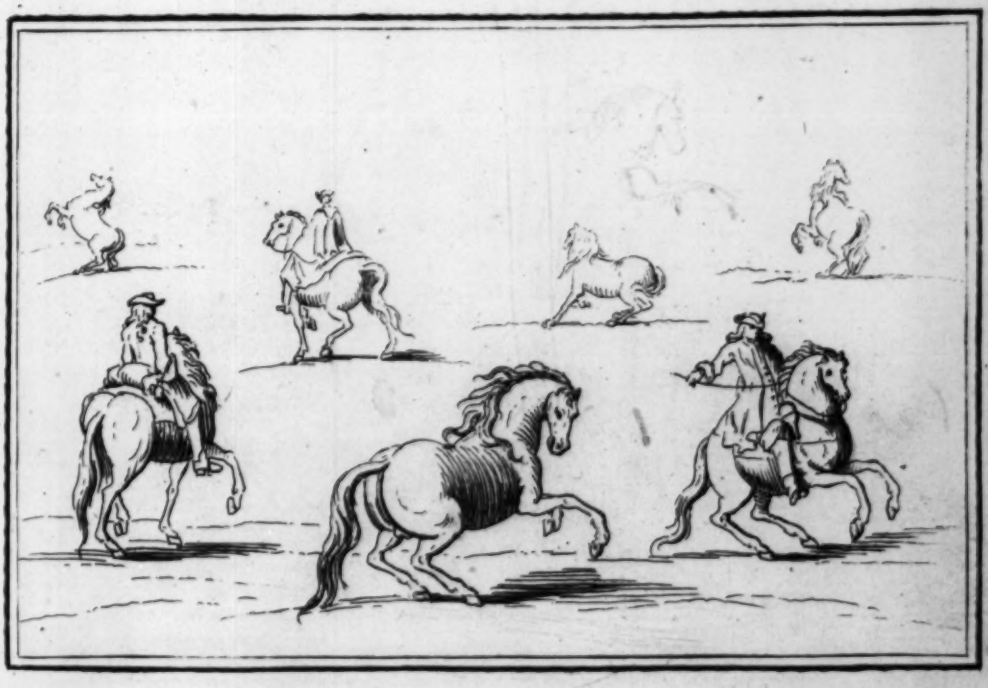

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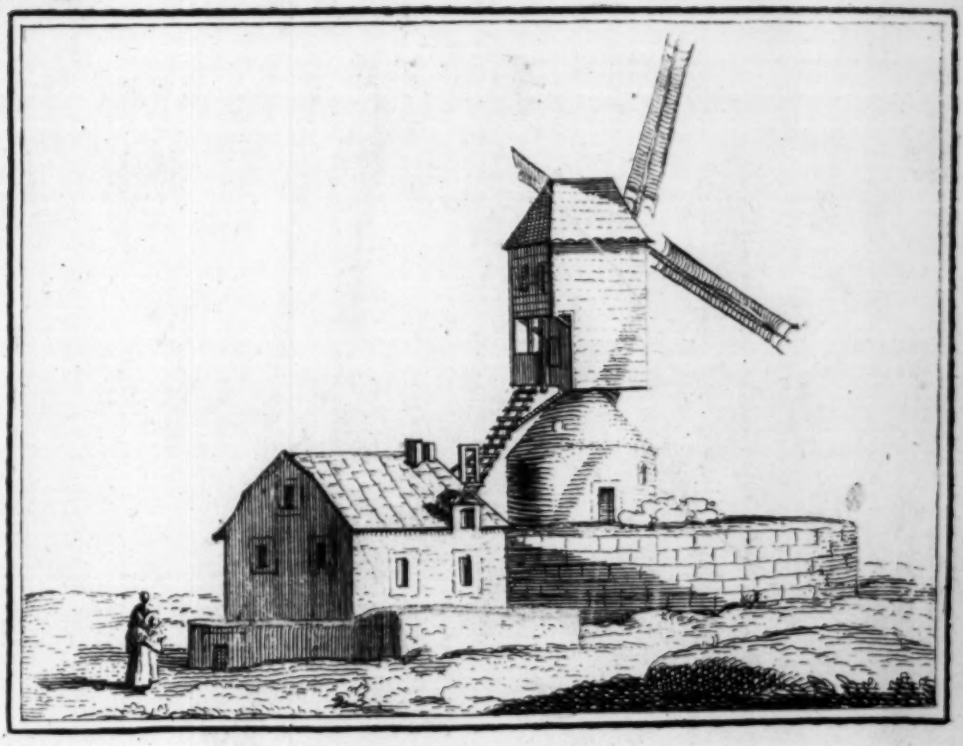

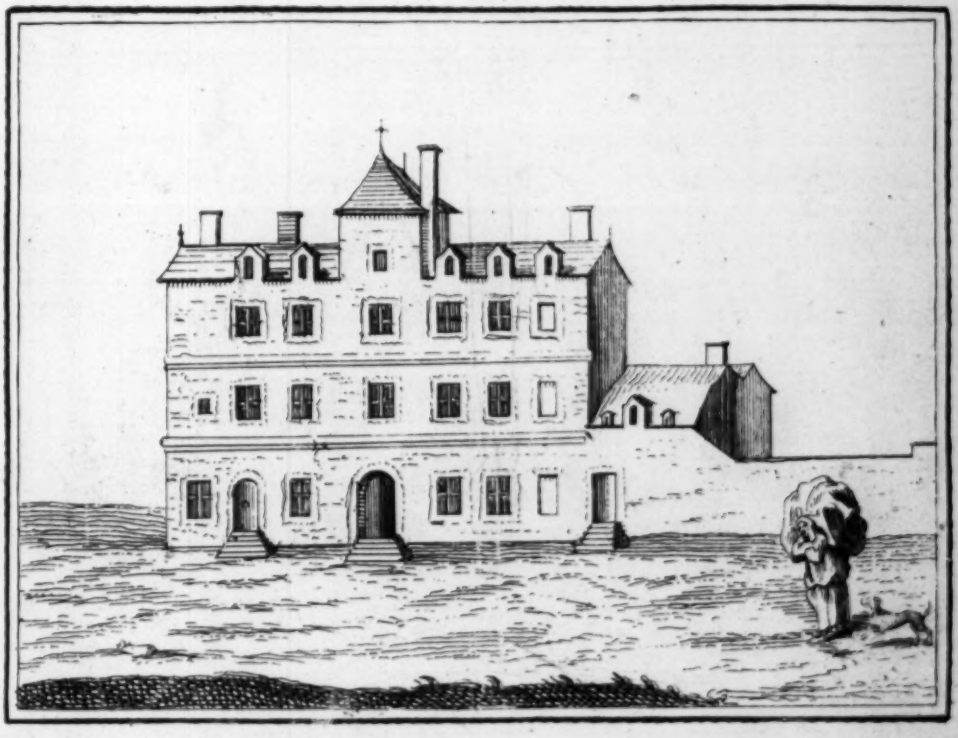

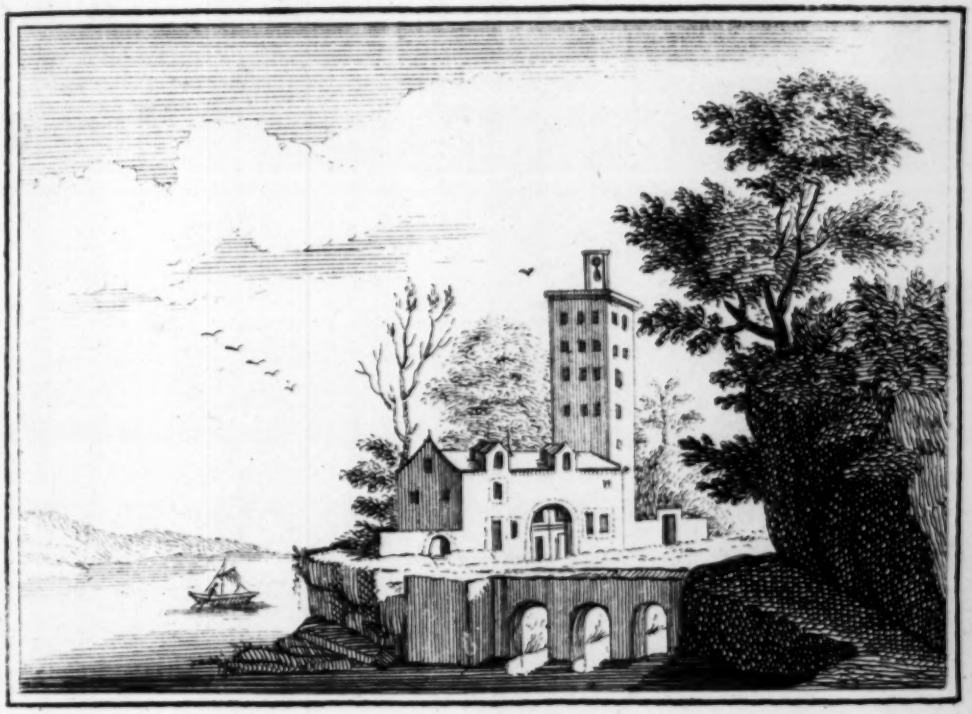

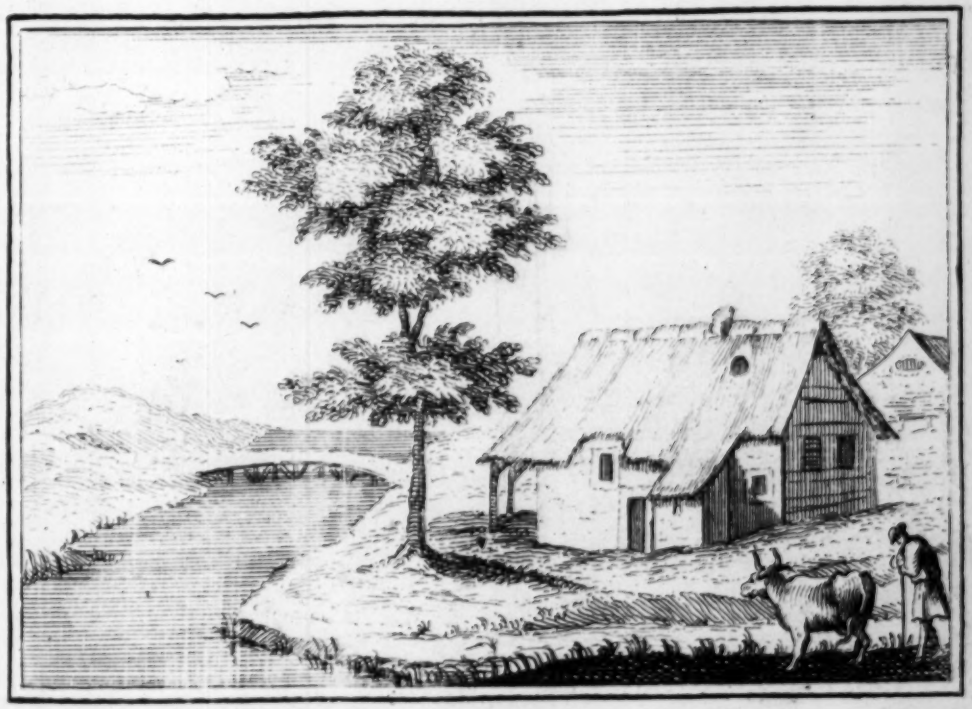

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